



"Heaps de mattab, Miss Sunshine, heaps. I dun met up wid mo' dan fo'ty bushels o' trouble! I ze news fur yo'!"

"You—yo met some one who told you about Mr. Kenton?"

"Fur shore! Dat Cap'an Wyle He to yo! Mars Kenton be dun git away arter dat battle, 'long wid Steve Brayton."

"Thank God!" she whispered as she raised her clasped hands to the bright stars in the winter sky.

"But dar's trouble, Miss Sunshine—heaps o' trouble! Dey was tryin to git ober yere when some gorillas reckoned dey was Yankee spies an dun shotted Mars Kenton. He hain't dead, but he's bad hurt, an he's lyin in the bresh an rocks down yere 'bout a mile. I met dat Steve Brayton, an he dun tole me all 'bout it."

"Royal Kenton wound—badly hurt and lying in the brush this winter's night!" moaned Marian as she grasped Uncle Ben by the arm.

"Hist dar!" he cautioned. "We mustn't woke up de missus or dat Baxter woman. Now, den, yo' be brave. Yo's got to be! Steve Brayton he dun said I was to bring back blankets an bandages an sunthin to eat. We must step around mighty softly an pick 'em up!"

"And I will go back with you! God grant that his life may be spared!"

"Hush, chile! Yo' can't go wid me tonight, but tomorrow. Dat's what Steve Brayton dun said. When I git back dar, I'll see Mars Kenton wid my own eyes, an I'll tell him all 'bout yo, an I'll stay right dar all night an nuss him."

"Oh, Uncle Ben, but I feel that I must go to him!"

"Hush! Yo' jess git all dem fings what I spoke of packed up fur me as quick as yo' kin an let me go back! If yo' want dem gorillas to finish Mars Kenton, yo' jess make a fuss so dat Mrs. Baxter will open dem big ears o' hers an find out de news!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

As was stated in a previous chapter, Captain Wyle's company, along with others, had been returned to the valley and placed under the orders of General Imboden. Ike Baxter and the others captured at Kernstown had rejoined the company when exchanged. Ike felt more than ever that Royal Kenton was an enemy he must get rid of, and Captain Wyle encouraged this feeling in various ways, though never openly and directly committing himself. On two occasions Ike had been granted leave of absence to visit his wife. Both times he had met her secretly.

The spirit which animated this humble twain will surprise only those who have never encountered the "poor whites" of the south. Nine out of ten of the bloody and long continued feuds we read of in southern communities begin among the poor and ignorant. The cause is generally of trifling character. The "poor white" may be humbled by the law, but outside of the courtroom he hates with an intensity hard to realize. He is persistent, cunning, merciless. Ike Baxter had never had an ambition in his life up to the hour he enlisted. He could barely read and write, was naturally lazy and indifferent and felt no pride in anything except the fact that he was "better than a nigger." When he found that corporals and sergeants were looked up to and respected, there came a queer feeling in his heart. He could not credit it at first, but Captain Wyle aided him in his mental struggle. The day came when Ike had an ambition and a burning desire. It was to be a corporal or sergeant. In his wild dreams of glory he did not stop there. He determined to go higher and become a lieutenant or captain. As soon as he was given to understand that Royal Kenton stood in his way it was but natural with one of his nature to determine to remove the obstacle by any means possible.

Before the war the "Yankee," both as a man and as the representative of a section of the republic, had few friends in the south. He was supposed to be hostile to all southern "institutions." The more ignorant the southerner the more heartily he hated and despised the citizen of the north. He believed what the fire eating politicians pretended to believe and often asserted. The John Brown raid upon slavery in Virginia and the events in "Bleeding Kansas" served to intensify the sectional hate of the "poor whites." Thus it was that Ike Baxter, picking up his crumbs of history and his bits of information on current events at the doors of the livery stable or around the stove of the bar-room, was something of a local champion in the matter of Yankee hating. If Kenton had not stood between him and military glory, he would still have felt a bitterness toward him as a man born in the north. Uncle Ben's cautious approach to the house on this night had reference only to Mrs. Baxter. There was another man stealing through the darkness and making a noiseless approach at the same time—Ike Baxter. Neither Uncle Ben nor Marian Percy caught a sight of him, but he noticed their every movement and drew his own conclusions. The gun which the old man had been told to secure was in his room in the little house. He had departed from Rest Haven without being seen or his absence noted by the woman, but his return aroused her, and her sharp eyes were upon him as he carried away the firearm and loaded himself with the bundles Marian had prepared and brought to the door. She was dress-

ing to follow him as he disappeared down the highway, having a dim suspicion of the state of affairs, when Ike knocked at her window and was admitted. In less than a minute he had related what he saw outside, and she had told him of Uncle Ben taking the gun.

"Whar's he un bound fur?" queried Ike.

"Dunno, but sunthin's happened sumwhar! Yo' must foller him!"

"Has that Yankee bin yere?"

"No, but the gal's hearn news, fur shore! Reckon he un may be lyin out around yere sumwhar, and the nigger's takin out stuff to him! Git right arter he un, Ike, and if yo' find the Yankee go'n tell Captain Wyle and hev him cum with his critter company!"

"I'll do better'n that!" grimly replied the man as he stepped out into the night. "If I find that Yankee around yere, I'll put a bullet into him fust and tell Captain Wyle next!"

Uncle Ben had only a few hundred yards the start, and the man on his trail soon lessened the distance until he could hear the old man's footsteps and make out a shadowy form through the darkness. There seemed nothing more certain than that he would follow on and uncover the hiding place of the fugitives. For nearly three-quarters of a mile the slave messenger had but one idea—to return to Steve Brayton as fast as possible. He was hurrying along when a sudden thought flashed through his brain, and he instinctively stepped aside and halted to listen.

"How do I know but what dat woman dun heard me git de gun an is follerin me?" he whispered to himself. "She'd do it! She's powerful wicked, she am! An mebbe some mo' of dem gorillas am waitin long yere to grab me an giv me anoder whippin!"

He was listening as well as whispering, and after a mix it he heard the sounds of footsteps coming down the road. He drew back into the deeper shadow of the high bank, dropped his bundles, and taking a firm grip of his gun he mentally resolved to make a fight for it if he was overhauled by the same crowd as before. A few seconds later he realized that only one person was approaching. The footfalls were too heavy for a woman. He had just decided this point when a man loomed up in the darkness before him and halted almost within arm's length to mutter:

"Drat my hide, but has that ole nigger left the road an giv me the slip? I heard he un only a minit ago, but him's dun gone now!"

It was Ike Baxter of course. He stood peering and listening for half a minute and then growled:

"I orter hev run he un right down an made him show me the way! Now the cussed Yankee may git away from me! No, he won't though! I'll hunt over every foot of this country but what I'll find him an hev his scalp!"

Uncle Ben did not recognize the man at all, as it had been many months since he had heard Ike Baxter's voice. It was instantly plain to him, however, that the man was a determined enemy and was seeking Royal Kenton's life. Ike took three or four steps forward and stopped again to listen. Noiselessly and with such a feeling as he had never experienced before Uncle Ben clubbed his gun, took one silent step forward



Uncle Ben clubbed his gun.

and next instant brought the heavy stock down upon Ike's head and felled him to the earth. The man sank down without a cry or groan, and after waiting half a minute the old man gasped out:

"May de good Lawd dun fergive me, but I had to do it fur Miss Sunshine's sake!"

He picked up his bundles and hastened on and 10 minutes later was telling Steve Brayton what had happened.

"Glad of it!" replied the latter. "Reckon I orter go up thar and make shore he's dead, fur I orter think his name are Ike Baxter. Hain't got no time, though—not jess now. This way, Uncle Ben."

They passed between two great boulders which had fallen from the bank above, followed a ravine into the hills for about 200 feet, and after a climb up the right hand bank found the hiding place among the rocks. There was a small fire burning against a great boulder, and on a bed of leaves and branches lay Royal Kenton with a bullet wound in the calf of the right leg. It was a bit of good luck for him in the midst of adversity that the bullet had passed clear through without touching the bone. It was a painful and temporarily disabling wound, and he had lost much of his strength before the bleeding could be checked, but he was inclined to make light of the situation as Brayton and Uncle Ben appeared.

The old darky knew Kenton only by sight, but the sight of him lying there in that helpless condition was a call for him to throw himself down on his knees and moan out:

"Fo' de Lawd an fo' de Lawd, but what am Miss Sunshine gwine to say an do when she knows dat he has bin shotted wid a dozen bombshells?"

Kenton soon made the situation plain to him, and then as the two talked about affairs at the house Steve Brayton washed and bound up the wound afresh, made up a comfortable bed, arranged one of the blankets for a shelter and saw that Kenton ate as well as talked. The adventure which Uncle Ben had on the road was felt to be another menace to be guarded against. After leaving the house where they had taken breakfast and encountered the Confederate sergeant, they had hastened up the side of the mountain and headed direct for Rest Haven. Within an hour they found that a number of men were on their trail, and two or three times during the day they were obliged to hide themselves for an hour or two. No shots were exchanged until about 5 o'clock in the evening, and then they were fired upon by three men in ambush. Kenton was hit and fell, but he struggled up and made a run of it, with Steve Brayton covering his retreat. Pain and loss of blood finally brought the wounded man down again, and he appealed to Steve to leave him and make his own escape.

"Couldn't think of it, Yank—couldn't possibly play any sich dirt on a man who has fust 'longside o' me so often!" was the hearty reply. "Thar was only three of 'em when they tust popped at us, and I'm sartin shore thar hain't but two now, and mebbe one o' them is wuss off than yo' ar'! I hain't been shootin five or six times jess fur the fun of it! If yo' can't walk, yo've got to be carried!"

Heeding none of Kenton's protests, the faithful fellow got him on his back and picked his route through scrubs and over rocks until he reached the spot where Uncle Ben found them. He knew it was within a mile or two of Rest Haven, and he was about starting for the house when the old man came along.

"I'll take a trot up the road and see how the nigger's dead man is," said Steve when he could do no more for Kenton. "It's my everlastin opinyun that the chap will turn out to be Ike Baxter, and I shan't be overly sorry if sich ar' the case. I'll hev to git the body outer the way anyhow, befo' anybody stumbles over it."

In the course of 20 minutes he reached the spot, but no man, living or dead, was to be found. He made a thorough hunt, but nothing could be discovered.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Uncle Ben returned to the house at midnight and found Marian anxiously waiting for news. Royal Kenton had told him what to tell her, and while she was comforted in one direction she was frightened in another. If Kenton and Brayton had been followed over the mountains and blood had been shed, would the pursuit cease until they had been hunted down? If the man whom Uncle Ben had struck down in the darkness was Ike Baxter, wouldn't his information bring Captain Wyle and his company into the neighborhood at once? Provided it was not Ike Baxter at all, it certainly was an enemy of some sort, who would demand revenge. The outlook was indeed an anxious one, but they could only wait and hope.

It was well for the mother that she was too ill to realize that anything unusual was happening. The doctor had exercised his skill to no benefit, and though permitting Marian to hope that a favorable change might occur he realized that the chances of recovery were very remote. All that long night she lay as one sleeping heavily, and but for the many distractions the daughter would have noticed that the change was for the worse.

Neither Marian nor Uncle Ben had reason to suspect that Mrs. Baxter had seen or heard anything that night, but she must soon know all. The girl had determined that Kenton should be brought to the house and cared for. The thought of his rude shelter, wounded and suffering as he was on that cold winter's night, almost drove her wild. It was hardly 7 o'clock in the morning, and she had simply tasted breakfast, when she went out to Uncle Ben and said:

"I am ready to go and can't wait another minute. We will take some more provisions, but I shall have Mr. Kenton brought to the house."

"What about dat woman?" he asked. "I don't care for her. If she doesn't like his being here, she can go."

"Jest look into her room, Miss Sunshine!"

The door was ajar, while the woman herself was at the other house. There was a bloody towel on a chair, bloody water in a washbowl, spots of blood on a chair and on the floor.

"It looks as if some one had sought to murder her!" exclaimed Marian as she looked about in astonishment.

"I know what happened," replied Uncle Ben. "Dat pusson I knocked inter de middle o' last summer was Ike Baxter. He was follerin me from de house. Boat o' 'em knowed what was up. He cum to arter a bit an cum yere to hev his hurts taken car' of. I heard a noise 'bout daylight, an I reckon dat was when he left."

"I'm glad you didn't kill him, but I expect Mrs. Baxter will now feel like taking revenge upon the whole household. Let us be going."

Half an hour later they were challenged by Steve Brayton, who had already prepared breakfast for the wounded man and was able to report that Kenton had passed a comparatively comfortable night. He met them just outside the camp, and with a wink to Uncle Ben he said to Marian:

"Go right along, Miss Percy; he un's heard yo' voice and is waiting fur yo'. I want to speak a word or two to Uncle Ben."

"What yo' want to spoke to me 'bout?" cautiously inquired the old man after they had walked away a few steps. "Nuthin, yo' old son of Africa!" answered Steve.

"Don't yo' un know what b'long to good manners? D' yo' reckon that gal wants anybody around when she fust claps eyes on the feller she loves like a house afire and is gwine to marry arter this cussed scrimmage is over?"

"Hu! I see!" chuckled Uncle Ben. "Of co'se yo' sees arter I has pintoed out the way, but then yo' is only an ole nigger and can't be spected to hev any feelin's onless kicked by a mule or licked by a passel of guerrillas."

Ben then told him of the discoveries made at the house and of his belief that his victim was Ike Baxter, and Steve looked very serious as he replied:

"Then yo' kin bet we ar' in fur a red-hot time! Ike Baxter will be back befo' noon with a gang at his heels, and the chances ar' that somebody will git shot!"

At this moment Marian called to them, and as they entered the camp they found her dressing Kenton's wound and preparing for his immediate removal to the house. While the raiding party had stolen the horses, as before mentioned,



The girl had determined that Kenton should be brought to the house.

none of the vehicles had been taken, and she argued that it would be easy for the two men to get Kenton down to the road and then convey him to the house in one of the carriages. He looked upon the plan favorably, but when she turned to Steve Brayton he said:

"Beg pardon, miss, but I can't agree with yo'. Yere ar' the situation: Over thar on the other road yisterday mawnin we uns was taken fur Yankee spies. He un's a Yank straight 'nuff, but not a spy, while I'm a purty good rebel, as the t'other side calls us. We uns had a fuss with a fool of a Confederate, and he got help and tried to run us down. It wasn't over two miles away that I dropped one and winged another. Is that plain to yo', Miss Percy?"

"Yes."

"Waal, them critters hain't goin to give it up without knowin who we ar' and all about us. We uns will hear from them today fur shore. Then thar is Ike Baxter to look out fur. Pity yo' nigger didn't strike a leetle harder and finish him, but it seems that Ike got away. He un was probably sent to spy on yo', and yo' kin bet that Captain Wyle and his critter company hain't tur off. We shall also hear from them befo' the day's over."

"Well, suppose we do?" asked Marian. "Mr. Kenton has been true and loyal to Virginia and the south. He is here in Confederate uniform and has only escaped from the Federals after being taken prisoner in another battle. Suppose the Confederates do come?"

"That's yo'r way of lookin at it, Miss Percy," said Steve as he twirled his hat in his hands. "My way is a leetle different. Captain Wyle, Ike Baxter and the rest of the crowd want revenge. If they find Mr. Kenton in yo'r house, they'll take him out and carry him off to some camp. They'll use him rough. They'll make charges. They'll stick right to him till they hev his life. I'm not figgerin on myself 'tall. If they don't shoot me offhand, I'll git court martialled and be chained up sumwhar till the end of the war. Fact is, Miss Percy, I've jest about dun cut loose from this glorious old southern confederacy and gone over to the Yanks!"

"Then what would you advise?"

"Leave he un right yere fur awhile. We uns got two guns and a revolver, and if the crowd comes we kin stand 'em off a good deal better than at the house. Meanwhile let Uncle Ben sot out down the valley to find the Yankee soldiers and tell 'em what's up. If 'nuff of 'em cum, and they cum in time, we will be all right. If not, we might as well say our prayers!"

Both Marian and Kenton realized the situation as he presented it, and within five minutes Uncle Ben had his instructions. It was believed that he would run across Federal cavalry within 10 miles of Rest Haven. He was to ask for General Custer, and if he found that commander to ask him in the name of the Percys to come at once. He was to call at the house and say to Mrs. Baxter that Marian would be home within an hour.

"And while yo' un's yere to look out for the patient," said Steve Brayton to the girl as the old man moved away. "I'll jest git ready fur the call I'm expectin'!"

The camp had plenty of natural defense, but by moving some of the boulders with a lever and using such stones as he could lift as "chinking" he had the place proof against anything but artillery within an hour. While he works and Marian and Kenton plan let us follow Uncle Ben. He had been intrusted with a message to Mrs. Baxter, but on his arrival at the house he failed to find her. Entering her room in the "quarters" in his search, he found things in such disorder that he felt certain she had packed up a few articles and fled from the place. Under no other circumstances would he have dared to look into the bedroom of the "missus" in the other house. Alarmed at the thought that she was helpless and abandoned, he ventured to intrude. She was lying with her face toward him, and the first glance brought a moan to his lips. He called to her, passed into the room, called again and finally reached out and touched the white and wasted hand resting on the cover. It was cold as ice. He pushed forward an old black hand which had served her and hers for half a century and more and laid it on her face.

"Fo' de great Lawd in heaven, but de missus has dun died!" he cried aloud as he hurried from the room with chattering teeth and trembling limbs. She had seemed to be sleeping when Marian

left the house an hour or more before, but she might have been dying then. The old man's first thought was to hurry back to camp and tell the girl what had occurred, but as he moved away he checked himself and muttered:

"Jest wait now till we figger a leetle. De good Lawd has dun taken de missus away, an my ole heart's ready to break wid sorrow, but I mustn't give up to de feelin. Dar's Miss Sunshine, an dar's Mars Kenton an dat soger Steve, dey's all alive an in danger. If I tole Miss Sunshine, she couldn't do nuffin now 'cept to wing her hands an cry. No. I won't go back dar! I'll hurry up an find dem Yankees an tell 'em to cum as quick as dey kin!"

He had turned about in his tracks when he heard a great clatter up the road, and next minute he was surrounded by about 20 mounted men. Some were in uniform, and among these he noticed one with his head bandaged and at once identified him as Ike Baxter. There were others in citizens' dress, and while he was wondering who they might be one of them laughingly exclaimed:

"Hello, yo' old son of satan! How does yo' un feel after the lickin yo got last night?"

There was a sergeant in command of the squad, but Ike Baxter appeared to direct operations. He at first drew his saber as if to give the old negro a cut, but checking himself he said:

"Now, men, look alive! Some of yo' uns search the house and drag out that cussed Yankee and Steve Brayton, and the rest of us will drive a stake and find a chain and some firewood! I'm goin to burn this old nigger alive fur tryin to kill me last night!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Although surprised and confounded by the sudden turn of events, Uncle Ben did not entirely lose his head. When he heard the men crying out for revenge and looked into their pitiless faces, he felt that his last hour had come. And yet the devotion of the old slave was never better illustrated than in what followed. As a portion of the crowd started for the house, no doubt fully expecting to find Kenton there, the old man shouted at the top of his voice:

"Cum back yere—cum back! Yo' kin kill me if yo' wants to, but fur God's sake doan' put yo'r feet in dat house!"

"What's the matter?" asked one as the gang came to a halt.

"De ole missus am lyin in dar dead an all alone, an it hain't fitten dat yo' should go in!"

"Whar's that Yankee? Whar's the gal? Whar's Steve Brayton?" was shouted at him.

"Dun gone—all dun gone!" he answered. "It's jest like I tole yo'—nobody in dar but de dead missus!"

"Go on, go on!" yelled Ike Baxter, "but look out fur yo'selves! The hull crowd of 'em ar' in thar, and they'll likely make a fight fur it!"

The men cautiously entered the house, firearms held ready for instant use, but at the end of seven or eight minutes they came out to report that "the cussed old nigger" had told the truth.

"Dead, eh?" exclaimed Ike Baxter as they told of the corpse on the bed. "Waal, I'm goin to burn the house jest the same, though mebbe some of yo' uns will lug the body outdoors fust. Time 'nuff fur that after we git through with this old nigger. Run he un up to that post! Now, then, chain him there! Yo' old black devil, but I'll make yo' suffer fur the rap yo' giv me last night! I'm goin to begin at yo'r chin and skin yo' cl'ar down to yo' heels! After yo've bin skun we'll build a fire around yo' and roast what's left!"

He went to his saddle for a rawhide, one he had seemingly brought along for the occasion. When he returned with it, Uncle Ben was stripped of coat and vest and his shirt torn away from his shoulders. They were going to take his life, not mercifully, as one kills a savage beast by a bullet through the heart or brain, but they would torture him for hours perhaps. He could not fail to realize this, but he did not beg for mercy. He simply shut his eyes and prayed God to give him strength to endure everything for the sake of those in hiding down the road. He would be asked to betray them. His refusal would bring other tortures, but he would refuse.

"Now, then, yo' black hound, whar ar' the rest of the folks?" demanded Ike Baxter as he walked up to Uncle Ben and flourished the cruel whip.

"Aye, he knows the exact spot whar they ar' hidin, and he's got to tell!" shouted two or three in the crowd.

"Of co'se he knows, and I'll hev it out he un mighty quick!" replied Ike. "I'm goin to give yo' a powerful lickin, ole man, fur the way yo' banged me last night, but I'll make it a leetle easier if yo'll tell whar they all is hid away."

"I has nuthin to say," quietly replied the old man as he looked about him.

"What! Yo' won't tell me?"

"Give it to him! Cut his hide into strings!" yelled the crowd.

Ike responded by striking Uncle Ben about 20 blows across the bare back. Each blow raised a welt, and as each one fell the victim strained and tugged at his lashings. Uncle Ben had been whipped the night before, but that was more in the nature of an assault or an attack by armed men. For the first time in his life he had been tied up and his back bared. He felt the shame and indignity almost as much as the blows.

"Yo' kin see what brung on this yere war," said Ike as he paused for breath.

"Them air Yankees was tellin our niggers that they was jest as good as their masters. Yere's a case of it right yere. If he'd bin my nigger, he'd hev bin as humble as pumpkin pie, but the Percys, who hev allus bin half Yankee themselves, brung him up to think he un was as good as anybody!"

"Hurry up. Give he un some more!" yelled the crowd.

"Thar hain't no rush about it," replied Ike as he flourished the whip. "I want to make it last as long as I kin. It's a dod gasted pity we hain't got 15 or 20 other niggers yere to look on and take warnin by his fate. I've allus itched to lick a nigger, but never had the chance befo'. Ar' yo' goin to tell

me, yo' infernal old imp, whar that Yankee is hidin out?" Uncle Ben simply shook his head. "Yo' hain't, eh?" screamed Ike. "Then everybody stand back, fur I'm goin—I'm goin to make the blood fly all over the yard!"

"Stop!"

Ike had his arm raised for a blow when a figure passed him and halted beside Uncle Ben. That figure had pushed its way into the circle unheard and unseen. Everybody stared in as-



"Stop!" she cried.

tonishment, and for half a minute not a word was said. It was Marian Percy. She was known by sight to at least half of the gang, and the others at once identified her as "the gal" they had expected to find in the house. Let us go back a little. When Uncle Ben left the camp among the rocks, she had intended to follow him within an hour. It had been settled that Kenton must remain where he was until a force of Federals was brought to the rescue or until it was known that he was in no peril from the Confederates. While it was hoped that Uncle Ben's mission would be successful all realized the chances of its failure. Both armies were scouting and raiding up and down and across. A hamlet or crossroads or bridge held by the Federals one day would be in possession of the Confederates on the next, and vice versa. Uncle Ben might encounter a troop of Federal cavalry and bring them to the rescue, or he might be picked up by a Confederate troop or a gang of guerrillas and sent off somewhere to work on fortifications.

"Mebbe the Yanks will come fust, and mebbe the Confederates," replied Steve Brayton when appealed to for his opinion. "It's goin to be nip and tuck. I reckon, but with the chances a leetle in favor of the Confederates. Kin I make bold to offer some advice?"

"Why, certainly," answered Marian and Kenton in the same breath. "Then let Miss Percy head fur home to once. We can't tell what may be happenin thar or what's goin to happen yere. She's a Percy and a good Confederate, and nobody'll dare disturb the house. Them blamed guerrillas which follered us yesterday may open fire yere any minit, and once they do she can't git away."

The advice was full of wisdom, and Marian prepared to start at once. "Got any we'pins in the house?" asked Steve as she was ready.

"No."

"Kin yo' shoot a pistol?"

"Of course. I have been sorry that I left mine behind us in Winchester."

"Then take this revolver. It's a big un, but I guess yo' kin handle it. Bein yo' ar' a southern gal, no southern man orter trouble yo', but yo' can't allus tell what may happen. If wuss comes to wuss, bullets will count fur mo' than words."

Kenton advised her to take it, and Brayton assisted her down to the highway and said as he left her:

"Yo' may hear some shootin up this way doarin the day, but don't be nervous about it and don't run any risks to cum and see what the trouble is."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lord Crewe's Collection.

Lord Crewe once, on the occasion of some charitable entertainment, leaned up against a corridor wall, fast asleep, with his hat in his hand. Some wild young men started dropping coppers and half crowns into the hat until the chinking awakened him, when, with gay humor, he pocketed all the silver and pelted his impatient benefactors with the pence.—London Million.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

and dyspepsia 29 years, but since I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla my side is better, and I also have a good appetite. My complexion is also much improved. We have only taken four bottles, and are well pleased with it." Mrs. and Mrs. JAMES COX, Centerville, Wisconsin.

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